

Cafe of the Nightingale

By MICHAEL WHITE.

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For a week Hassan Ali Khan had wandered about Isfahan looking for an individual. He was in no haste; not at all. Believing firmly in Kismet, he knew very well that he would come face to face with the object of his search, when Fate ordained they should meet. That was why he took his vapor bath leisurely every day, and lingered over the dyeing of his beard and nails with henna juice. That was why he merely strolled through the long tunnel of the main bazaar, illuminated at intervals by circular holes in the vaulted roof, through which shafts of sunlight fell upon the press and tumult of green-robed loudly muttering, swag-buckling Afghans, gray-bearded merchants, closely-veiled women, except per chance for a flashing glance from eyes that look at you as if from the depth of a mystery unfathomable, water carriers, camels, pack mules, dogs, and street urchins, all jostling and apparently hurrying nothing but anathema at each other. Similarly in threading the narrow, twisting mud-walled lanes he passed on without acceleration of his slow, dignified pace, but nevertheless keeping his gaze keenly searching ahead for the man he intended to meet when Allah so willed.

Not that there was anything to be said when these two men confronted each other. It was merely a case of which would be the most alert to kill without word of warning or argument. For that purpose Hassan Ali concealed beneath his long robe a beautifully chased but extremely supple blade, and one hand was seldom far from the hilt. A dash of steel, a muttered curse, and the disfigure that was upon him would be washed from his honor. Nothing else would suffice.

By chance he had seen his wife drop a white rose in leaving one of the stalls of the main bazaar, and a young man had stooped to gain possession of what his actions clearly proclaimed to be a treasure. Hassan Ali was at first rooted to the spot with wrathful astonishment. Before he could fully grasp the situation to seize or strike down the offender, the other had disappeared in the throng. But not before the other had left upon Hassan Ali's mind a sufficiently clear impression of identification when they should meet again. Of this Hassan Ali said nothing to his wife. He preferred the more subtle oriental way of disclosing his knowledge of the affair by handing her the rose, which he did not doubt he would find upon the young man, together with some tangible proof of his punishment. Her manner would prove her innocence or guilt. That his wife might have dropped the flower unintentionally was hardly any mitigation of the other man's offense, according to Hassan Ali's standard of ethics. Where it is a crime to look upon the veiled woman, a man must take the consequences who displays emotion over a flower which has fallen from her hand. Thus he wandered through the sun-bathed streets of Isfahan, with the clear turquoise sky overhead, and simple murder in his heart.

In this way Hassan Ali came to the open door of the Cafe of the Nightingale. On the threshold he paused to listen to the concluding verses of the Persian epic of the Shah Namah, recited evidently by one of poetic talent. As the voice sank into the last stanza, he entered a room which would hardly bear any resemblance to a cafe in other parts of the world. Around three sides of the room ran a stone bench, the fourth side being open to the refreshing prospect of a flower garden. In the center was a pool of clear water, and suspended above the pool was the cage of the feathered songster that had endowed the cafe with a reputation second to none in Isfahan. What a star of the grand opera is to other nations this particular nightingale was to the people of the City of Roses. A comparatively fabulous price had been paid for her carefully trained natural gift, and to the cafe bearing her name resorted the appreciative critics of Isfahan. In the meantime the other cafes were searching high and low for a nightingale to stem the flow of patronage toward their fortunate rival. At the moment of Hassan Ali's entrance the cage was covered with a veil of rich but light material, and seated on the benches were men of swarthy, hawk-like features, perfect gentlemen in the manner of cutting a throat, each one of them. Kalyan (water pipe) and coffee were being served, and the young reciter was saluting his acknowledgement to the grunts of approval bestowed upon his performance. As Hassan Ali moved forward he glanced at the young reciter, and recognized in him the offender of the rose. By no sign did he display the jealous anger seething within, but quietly took a seat on the stone bench, ordering kalyan and coffee. It was against the rule of society to execute vengeance in such a gathering, where weapons if not empty were presumed to be temporarily laid aside. So Hassan Ali watchfully sipped his coffee and smoked his kalyan, while conversation became general among the other guests.

Presently the young man leaned over the pool and withdrew the cover from the nightingale's cage. The little bird hopped about on her perch, and ruffled her modest plumage. A

hush fell upon the lips of the hawk-like faces, all eyes were slowly turned upon the cage. Then softly, like the richest tone of emerald velvet, her voice rose in expending cadences. Higher and higher the little songster carried her notes, into magic trills, and all space seemed filled with the power of her melody. In the eyes of the vulture-like men, sitting as bronze effigies, fountains tossed liquid gems and sprays of violets into the air, the wine of Shiraz sparkled in crystal goblets to hand, and fair women moved before them in gardens of delight. Then the bird came down from the heights to sing in a minor key, and a strain of sadness floated through the atmosphere. The sky shaded from rose into purple, glistening domes and minarets sank into shadow, the high-pitched cry of muzzan proclaimed the close of the day. The young man's face, which had been bent lower, and features that never flinched from bloodshed, torch, and rapine, were touched with a rarely experienced sympathetic emotion. Hassan Ali was almost prompted to mercy, if not forgiveness. Presently the voice of the bird ceased, and her tribute came in that deepest applause which cannot find utterance. In silence, only muttered word here and there.

"Mashallah! Wonderful!" At last the man at Hassan Ali's side lifted his head and addressed the young reciter. "Boy," he said, "when thou hast tasted of love then will thou come to sing of it like the bird."

The young man flushed with wounded pride. He impatiently drew from within his outer garment a withered rose, and leaning over the pool, fastened it in the bars of the nightingale's cage.

"Let her then sing of the hopeless love which fills my heart," he cried. Hassan Ali's hand sought his dagger hilt as he started to rise. "Be still, brother," enjoined his neighbor, with a firm grip of restraint. "Listen now to the bulbul singing to the rose."

Again the nightingale enchanted her audience, so that at the conclusion of her song the copper bowl passed around was willingly half filled with coins. Only Hassan Ali refused a contribution, sitting with a scowl as if he would like to wring the bird's neck. When the young man set his foot outside the cafe, he would pay for his presumption as well as his insult.

In a little the young man took his rose from the cage, and Hassan Ali's neighbor again spoke. "Boy, since thy love has been so well proclaimed, it is but fair we should know thy heartless charmer's name."

Hassan Ali's hand impulsively clutched his dagger. If a certain name passed the young man's lips then convention would burn up in fury. "That is well spoken," cried several voices. "Boy, give us thy charmer's name."

With head bent the young man hesitated. Then he looked up quickly. "Zobeida," he simply answered. "Zobeida," echoed the others. "That is a good name. May Allah yet give her into thy possession."

"Zobeida," the young man repeated. "She is the daughter of Hassan Ali Khan, whom may God protect."

Hassan Ali sat lost in wonder for some moments. He then rose, and touching the young man lightly on the shoulder, drew him out into the miniature garden.

"Boy," he said, "when they were secure from interruption, 'I have a question to ask. Answer truly for thine own sake.'"

The young man met Hassan Ali's stern look fearlessly. "Thou didst pluck that rose from the pavement of the main-bazaar, when it had fallen from a woman's hand. Her name was not Zobeida. See to it that thou dost not lie in this matter."

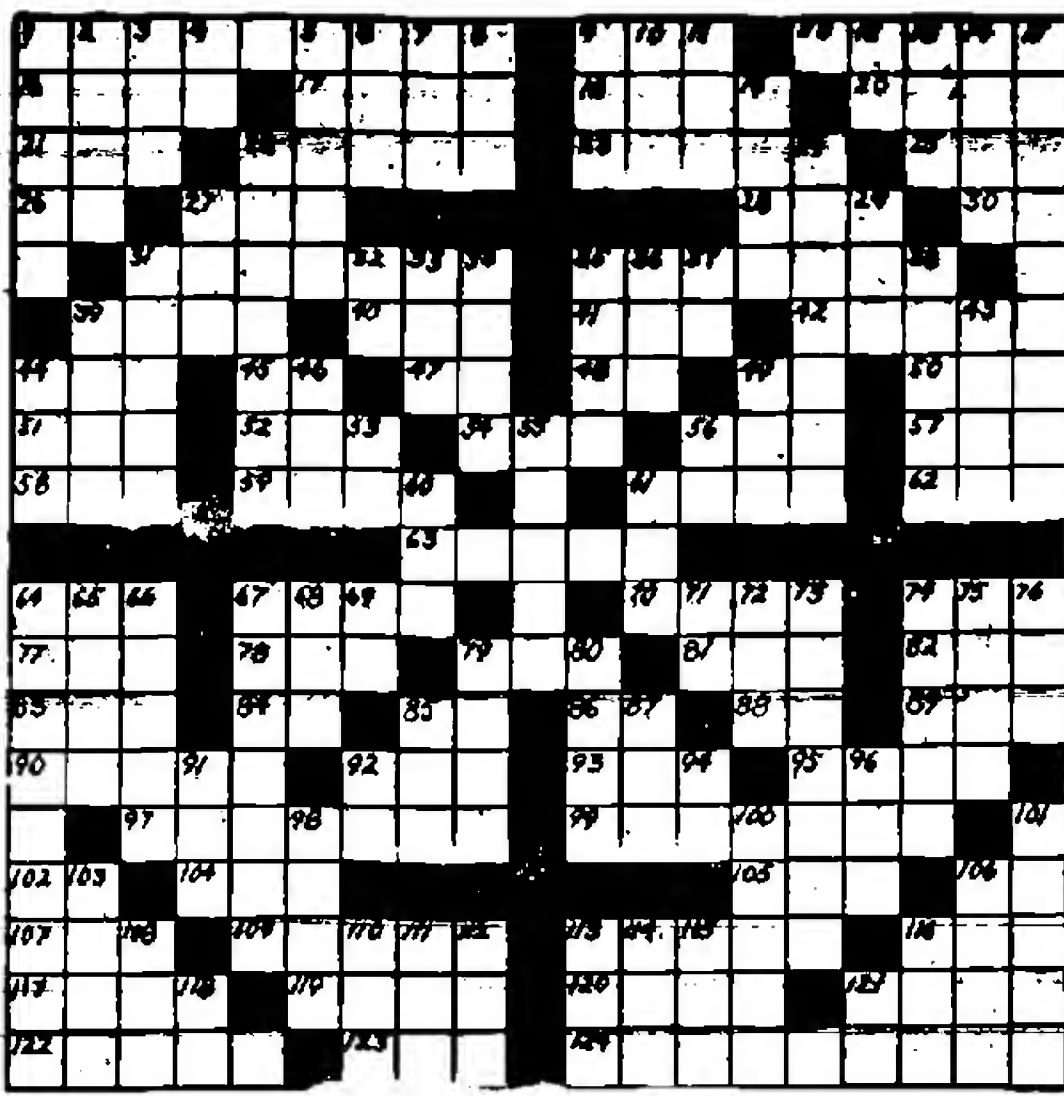
"By Allah! I will speak the truth," cried the young man. "It came so in this way. Some time ago I passed by a palanquin in the Royal square. The curtains were drawn aside, and I caught a heaven-sent glimpse of a lovely face within. I was smitten with love for her, and followed the palanquin until it passed in at the gate of Hassan Ali Khan's house. Then I waited until I was able to speak with one of the servants. From him I learned the name of her upon whom my love was set. I begged him to intercede with Zobeida's mother, and at last he consented. Many times he brought word that Zobeida's mother would not listen to my suit, that Hassan Ali Khan was too proud a man to give his daughter to a wandering poet. Then I told of my love in verse, which I bribed the servant to give to Zobeida. Finally the servant brought word that if a red rose fell from the hand of Zobeida's mother in the bazaar I might aspire to happiness. If a white one, I must relinquish hope. Thou seest, O Stranger, it was a white rose. For me now what is there but death?"

"Boy," said Hassan Ali, laying his hand gently on the other's shoulder, "never wilt thou be nearer death, and escape the stunning out of life's uncertain flame, than thou has been in the last few moments. But thy plea has been well sung. Owe thy good fortune to the nightingale. Come! thou shalt see thy Zobeida."

Wealth has its penalties: You never hear of a poor man spending money for dyspepsia tablets.

About the only time a woman sees anything adorable in her own sex is when she looks into her mirror.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE NO. 1



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- | Horizontal | Vertical |
|--|---|
| 1-To bathe. | 1-Peculiarly |
| 2-Veter black mineral used for jewelry. | 2-Foolish person (slang) |
| 3-Showing indifference to pain or pleasure (adj.). | 3-Heavy mist |
| 4-Opening 17-At another time | 4-District of ancient Babylonia |
| 5-God of Love | 5-Variety of lily |
| 6-Proposition | 6-Collection of information |
| 7-South African antelope | 7-Long pounds |
| 8-25-Armies (poetic) | 8-A Hebrew |
| 9-Measurement of weight (abbr.) | 9-Make a mistake |
| 10-Body of land surrounded by water (abbr.) | 10-A digit |
| 11-Insect | 11-Note of musical scale |
| 12-Polite title (masc.) | 12-Unity |
| 13-Mountainous district of Greece | 13-To furrow |
| 14-To leave a railroad car (milit.) | 14-Avails |
| 15-Versatile sailor of a boat, or dog | 15-One who buys dead horses and sells them for dog's meat |
| 16-Island in original state | 16-Scams (hidden) |
| 17-Part time | 17-Anger |
| 18-Fastry | 18-Particulate to flying machines |
| 19-Exclamation of hesitation | 19-Misty |
| 20-Negative | 20-Between sunset and sunrise |
| 21-Canals of Tibetan plateau | 21-Male parent of a horse, or dog |
| 22-Age | 22-Captain of an ancient boat (Bib.) |
| 23-Variety of tree | 23-Through |
| 24-American writer | 24-Immense |
| 25-Head covering | 25-Form |
| 26-Color | 26-To sh |
| 27-Above | 27-Broadway (abbr.) |
| 28-National bird of a great country | 28-Number under twelve |
| 29-African antelope | 29-Consolidation |
| 30-Street | 30-Submarine vessel (hyphenated) |
| 31-Place | 31-To cut with shears |
| 32-Flower | 32-Designation given one of U. S. currencies in World War |
| 33-Same old Australian bird | 33-Preposition |
| 34-American war president | 34-Old English (abbr.) |
| 35-Battle | 35-Love (Latin) |
| 36-Note of musical scale | 36-Underground prison |
| 37-Animal | 37-Insipid |
| 38-Boat animal | 38-Fabric of wide meshes |
| 39-Arrest | 39-Part of a railroad track |
| 40-Face | 40-Preposition |
| 41-Material | 41-Verbal meaning not |
| 42-Obtained | 42-Preposition |
| 43-Latitudes of Amer. president | 43-Verbal meaning not |
| 44-Base Indian potentate | 44-Wound with a knife |
| 45-One who builds with stone | 45-Demonstrative pronoun (pl.) |
| 46-Battle | 46-Metal |
| 47-Japanese tree yielding poisonous juice | 47-To throw one's self heavily |
| 48-War god | 48-A wrong (legal) |
| 49-Church bench | 49-Professing meaning not |
| 50-Deceased persons (chiefly legal) | 50-Inhabitant of Nippon |
| | 51-War dirt |
| | 52-Pouchlike part of a plant |
| | 53-Prohibit |
| | 54-Personal pronoun |

Solution will appear in next issue.

Bible Thoughts for the Week

Sunday.
This is the Confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us.—1 John 5:14.

Monday.
He That Passeth By, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ear.—Prov. 26:17.

Tuesday.
The Fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.—Gal. 5:22, 23.

Wednesday.
Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.—Gal. 6:1.

Thursday.
There is No Man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death; and there is no discharge in that war.—Eccles. 8:8.

Friday.
Master, This Woman was taken in adultery. Moses commanded us that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou? He said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.—John 8:5, 7.

Saturday.
Seek Ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near: lest the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon.—Isa. 55:6, 7.

Maral for Fathers
Every man is a hero to his son except the one who tries to help work algebra problems.—San Francisco Chronicle.

MICKIE SAYS—

EVEN IF EVERYBODY IN TOWN BOUGHT AT YOUR STORE, MR. MERCHANT, IT WOULD PAY YOU TO KEEP ON ADVERTISING, BECAUSE THEIR STRANGERS COME TO YOUR STORE CONTINUALLY, BESIDES THE KIDS THAT GROW UP IN BECOMING NEW TRADE



Children's Rights.
Children, says a writer in "Harper's Bazar," have the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. First—The right to live their own lives, get on.

Second—The right to be fed if lacking in the will to be good, and to learn, in consequence, hard lessons of the expediency of righteousness.

Third—The right to pursue happiness, not to have it thrust upon them. This realization is apt to be a check upon theories; but it does not produce dwarf trees in the domestic garden.

When Children Cough A—Quickly
Watch your child closely when he gets a "cold" and begins to cough. Many a case of croup and serious illness has been turned aside with a few doses of that fine old medicine, Kemp's Balsam. Act promptly. Don't be discouraged because ordinary cough syrups fail to help—stick to Kemp's Balsam. Just a few doses bring the cure. —A few doctors are looking for only 30 cents —A doctor.

For that Cough! KEMP'S BALSAM

START BURYING MINE EXPLOSION VICTIMS

Think Gas from Earth Pocket Killed 51 Indiana Miners

TO AID BEREAVED FAMILIES

There Will Be No Community Funeral, Each Family Caring for Its Own Dead—No Evidence of Negligence Found in the Observance of Safety Rules Governing Mines.

The search, begun by mine rescue teams for the bodies of 51 men entombed after an explosion in the City Coal company's shaft at Sullivan, Ind., last week Friday, ended when the last corpse was brought to the surface.

No Community Funeral

Burial of the dead was started, services for two of the victims being held in Sullivan and for another at Dugden, Ind. There will be no community funeral. Each family will care for its own dead. In several instances where two members of a family perished a single service will be held.

Under the direction of Henry Baker of Washington and Eugene Foster of Indianapolis, Red Cross representatives, plans were completed for extending relief to the bereaved families.

Albert Dally, state mine inspector who directed the removal of the bodies, left for Indianapolis soon after that work had been completed, but announced he would return to inquire into the cause of the explosion. Mr. Dally's investigation apparently will be the only official inquiry.

Sullivan county officials are disposed to accept the theory that the explosion was caused by the sudden precipitation into the mine of a quantity of gas from an earth pocket, the gas being ignited by the spark from a miner's tool or the flare from a worker's lamp.

Norval K. Harris, Sullivan county prosecutor, said he discovered no evidence of negligence in the observance of safety rules. The use of open lamps is not prohibited by the Indiana state law, he pointed out.

To Give Aid to Stricken Families
Henry L. Humrichouse, member of the state industrial board, arrived and began expediting payments to which the families of the victims are entitled under the workmen's compensation law. The law provides for payments of \$13.20 each week for 300 weeks to each dependent family.

HOUSE DOORMAN ARRESTED

Aged Official Charged With Soliciting Liquor Orders in Capitol

Another flurry over charges that bootleggers do a thriving business with government officials in Washington resulted from the arrest of three women and two men, alleged members of a ring operating at the Capitol.

The arrests followed a complaint from Rep. Cooper, Rep., Ohio, who declared he would urge prohibition agents to make additional raids if conditions do not improve.

None of the arrests was made at the Capitol. However, one of those taken into custody was Eli George Wright, aged 60, a doorman at the house of representatives, who, it is charged, solicited orders for liquor in the Capitol building and in the nearby senate and house office buildings.

Wright, who lost his job as a result of his arrest, was at one time secretary to Vice President Sherman and to Chauncey Depew. He demanded a jury trial and was released in \$500 bail.

The other man arrested, a dentist, and the three women, also demanded jury trials and were released in \$1,500 bonds. It is charged that they were distributors, working with Wright, while he booked orders.

Enormous Loan Promised France
Promise of \$100,000,000 loan for the improvement of French finances and another of \$25,000,000 for the devastated regions to be located in the U. S. as soon as the budget is definitely balanced and voted was one of the remedies for France's troubled financial and economic situation advanced by Finance Minister Clemenceau in the course of an address before the French chamber of deputies. M. Clemenceau gave no indication of the terms or other details and refrained from saying whether assurance of the loans came through the Morgan group which has handled all the French financing operations in the United States.

Farmers Predict Meat Shortage
The United States faces a meat shortage which will become acute about mid-September, a delegation of dirt farmers and cattle raisers from the Middle West told their banker hosts at a luncheon in Wall street, New York. A likelihood of high prices also carried with it the possibility that North America might lose its present position in world meat production, the unanimous opinion of the visitors.

OUR BOYS and GIRLS

THE YELLOW GREEN HOUND

Old Ephraim was born a slave in Alabama. When the war for freedom was over he begged to stay as a slave rather than leave the plantation a free man. He did stay, and there is still, tho a very old man, the delight of his master's grandchildren, who never grow tired of his stories. Here is one of them, about the way the yellow-green hound got himself fixed. It was the cunningest trick old rabbit ever did.

That hound lived close by where the rabbit and his wife lived. He couldn't have been more than a pup when he took a notion that he ought to yelp and howl from dark till daylight. Some folks say dogs bark at the moon, but this hound paid no attention ("pervention" is what Eph really said) to the moon. Soon as light was gone from the sky he began, ooo-oo-ooo-oo, how-oo-ooo-ooo-boo!

That is the way he began, that is the way he kept going until morning. Now that was disturbing. It grated "right smart," as Eph said, on the rabbit's nerves. It grated a good deal on his wife's nerves, too, but old rabbit, he suffered most.

All thru the balmy spring months this lasted. When the rabbit lay down at night he would just keep thinking of that foolish hound barking at nothing.

If that hound had been a white one, or spotted or black and white, or even a good plain yellow, old rabbit could have stood it better. But to have a lank, dingy, yellowish-green hound breaking his rest night after night was too much. Sometimes the hound would quiet down as if saying something to himself. Then the rabbit dropped off in a troubled sleep; but soon the howl would begin again louder and sadder than ever, waking up the whole country round. When rabbit got up in the morning he felt more tired than when he first went to bed.

One night in June, when the yellow-green hound was doing his worst, old rabbit rolled out of bed and sat on the edge a good while, holding his head in his hands. Then he gave a quick jump and was off before his wife could ask him where he was going. When he came back and his wife asked him where he had been, he said: "Never mind where I have been." She asked him no more questions.

Next night when rabbit's wife was lying very still, just half asleep, he popped off again. By and by rabbit's wife heard the hound, and this time the barking seemed to come nearer, and then it seemed to go away. At last she couldn't bear it at all.

After a long while rabbit came back and then his wife asked him where he had been. He said he had been hunting.

She asked him where was his game and he said he left it outside for safe-keeping.

Old rabbit said: "Do you hear that yellow-green hound?" His wife listened and heard no sound at all, so they both went to sleep.

"Where was the hound Uncle Eph?" the children always asked at this point in the story and then Eph had to tell the rest of it:

When old rabbit sat on the edge of the bed with his head in his hand he was thinking something had to happen. So he went out to the woods and looked around till he found a long hollow log, wide at one end, narrow at the other. He tried it and found the small end just enough to let him through. Then suddenly he had an idea.

He went back to the yellow-green hound and said "howdy!" The hound didn't understand howdy, so he just set out after rabbit, hippety-clippety.

Now, ol rabbit had never yet been caught in all his life, and he surely did not want to be caught by a noisy yellow-green hound that had kept him awake for months. He ran all he knew, around and around. By and by he thought it was time to head for the hollow log.

You never saw such a race—the hound sure he would catch the rabbit, and the rabbit sure he would not be caught. Then rabbit fell down on purpose (here Uncle Eph made believe almost to fall from his seat) to make the hound run faster, but the next minute rabbit shot into the hole.

The hound shot in after him—and stuck fast. And he is there yet.

Enough at Home.
"I am so glad that my boy is proving so brave a little man," said grand mother, as she tucked Freddie in bed. "Why you haven't shed a tear yet over missing the pleasure cruise with father and mother and I'm proud of your courage."

Freddie said nothing at first. But after half an hour, finding that he could not go to sleep with the under-served prairie weighing on his conscience, he called grandmother to his cot.

"Granny," he said in a confidential tone, "I guess I'm not so brave after all. You see I heard Mr. Mason describing his boat to papa and after he had told all about the forest and mainland and a lot of other things he said: 'Yes, I forgot—there's a speaker too! I said out of the room, and after that I didn't care much about going cruising.'"